

RUSSIAN CHURCH DOMINATES TOKIO

Strange Story of Cathedral in Japanese Capital and How It Came There.
OCCUPIES CHOICEST SPOT
Defies Ancient Sentiments of People But They Do Not Disturb It.

By Eleanor Franklin.
TOKIO, June 3.—The most conspicuous object in the panoramic view of broad grey-roofed Tokio is the Russian cathedral. It dominates the city with an imposing dome, which inspires these proud little people with an irresistible desire to march en masse up to the heights where it stands and tear it down stone from stone, but these proud little people are far too temperate, too sane to be betrayed into any such exhibition of wrath, however righteous it might be.

This cathedral is a great white edifice, a regular Russian style, with an imposing dome, which is surmounted by a gleaming golden cross. It was built by a consecrated missionary priest, named Father Nicolai, and has been the scene of a strange conglomeration of religious life since it was dedicated in 1901. Father Nicolai has always been loved and respected by the Japanese and it is doubtful if through any other foreigner in the land they could ever have been induced to grant such a beautiful and conspicuous site for a Christian church. Looking up at its proud heights from the narrow little streets which surround it, one finds difficulty in believing that less than fifty years ago there were printed notices posted at all road corners and crossroads in Tokio, from the lowest coasts to the highest peaks, knowing the cathedral by this name.

The building has already the look of great age and closing one's mind against its strange Oriental surroundings it is easy to believe one's self somewhere in the heart of Russia where "faith in the wicked doctrines" has been keenly alive through a whole millennium. But the aged look is due to the dampness of the Japanese climate, or perhaps to the imperfection of some of the materials used in the construction of the church, for it is a new thing, new as the revolution of manners and ideas in this newest of Empires and in face of present conditions it is one of the strangest of new things under the Japanese sun. The cathedral is called "Nicolai" because the people cannot dissociate it from its builder and priestly Father. They say "Nicolai" because it is almost impossible for the Japanese tongue to form the letter L and everybody in Tokio, from the lowest coasts to the highest peaks, knows the cathedral by this name.

I stepped in a girinka over the Ginza the other day and said to the kuramaya "Nicolai" and he picked up the shiksha and whirled me around without stopping for a single question, which was a most unusual experience. He ran swiftly through a devious winding way which I could never have retraced alone; through tiny little streets where only my riksha could comfortably go, over many humpy little canal bridges from which I caught glimpses of odd Venetian scenes in which wistaria clad houses hung in close clinging, uneven picturesque above the deep blue of the water, way in which long rowed boats laden with strange merchandise were being pushed along by the little boys in blue tunics with long bamboo poles which they thrust lazily to the bottom of the canal with a graceful rippling motion along the side of the boat. I wanted to linger along these fascinating ways but I had said to my kuramaya "Nicolai" and he was running at top speed to get me there. I believe he anticipated some of the forbidden heights where only soldier sentinels and natty little policemen parade with self-conscious solemnity. We whirled up to the high iron gate and I stepped down from my riksha and my camera came and tripod full displayed. I knew I should be challenged but I didn't expect a whole regiment to make its appearance. As a matter of fact a whole regiment didn't but a good many more than that soldier stepped out from the guard house within the gate and prevented me from entering. I looked as innocent as an American tourist "doing" the city and said "may I go in?" They looked at each other and smiled. I couldn't imagine at what they smiled and I began to speak Japanese at my very rapidly.

Guards the Temple.
"Wakari masen! Wakari masen!" said I, which means "I don't understand." and the poor little chap looked very helpless. Then one of them waved his hands and shook his head wildly, for all the world like an excited little French gendarme, and said, "ikki masen, masen!" which I knew very well meant "no do." But I smiled and stood quietly by to let them talk it over and finally one of them, with the most delightful embarrassment in the world, said to me in quaint English, "Have you come to see the cathedral?" I went down into the depths of my coat pocket and produced my innocent little calling card and handed him a card. I know he couldn't read it so I read it for him and added "American" and he looked at it while he puzzled over the card I murmured "Chotto haiken doko,"

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore that refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer.

Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with any medical advice wished, without charge.

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. FORD, Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

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which is a sentence out of the guide book and means "Just one respectful glance please." I learned several of those "useful sentences" a year ago but that was the first time I had been able to use one of them to advantage. The little soldier smiled, nodded his head to the other and said "Yoroshi, yoroshi," (all right, all right) and I was allowed to pass.

It was the first time I ever had to pass sentinels to get into a Christian church and it made me think of the day of Judgment and the golden gate. They overlooked my camera for which I was duly grateful, but just as I had it properly set up for a good interior, a little black robed Japanese Christian, monk came rushing into the church whispering excitedly "Ikki masen, ikki masen!" and I actually allowed him to frighten me. If Father Nicolai had been here I should probably have had no difficulty, but when the war began

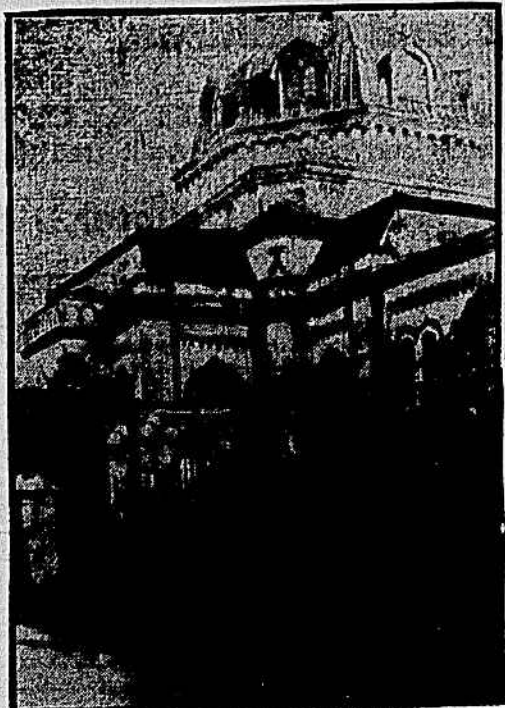
applied for a grant of land upon which to build a church.

Why It is Not Disturbed.
At that time there was none of the bitter feeling against Russia which afterwards developed, and Japan was struggling half shame-facedly to escape from all her old feudal peculiarities and practices. The Emperor has shown himself to his people and all things were new, so it was decided that the Russians should have the high ground just over east of the palace gardens for their cathedral. It was the choicest spot in the city and with great rejoicing Father Nicolai and his band of converts built the imposing structure which smiles insolently down upon the city to-day. Then came the revolution within the revolution which sought to reinstate old customs that are dear to the heart of the people, the revolution which refused to let the Emperor's abdication stand as a precedent for the women of the court.

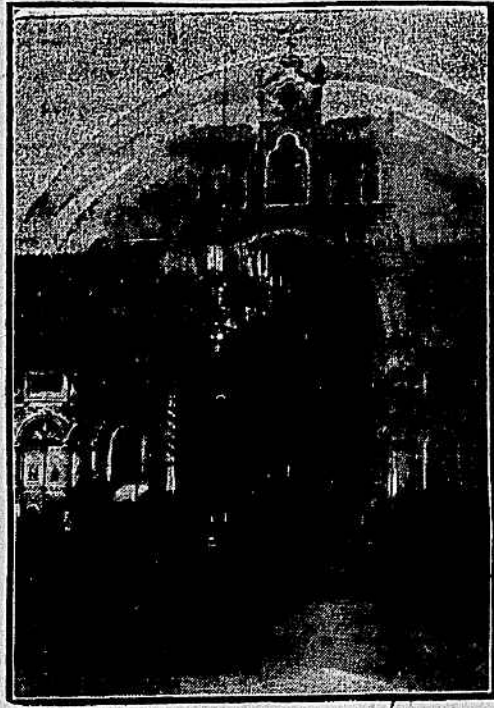
WOMAN'S FANCY FOR STRANGE PETS

Lizards, Snakes, Beetles and Other Queer Creatures Fondled By Fair Owners.

Quaint interest doubtless attaches to the juxtaposition of a beautiful woman and a wild beast. Mrs. Bernhardt and her tame leopards were the sensation of a couple of decades ago. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, Lord Cadogan's sister-in-law, had a fancy for poisonous snakes. One small snake she frequently wore on her arm as a bracelet, but the chief of her friends, these strange pets died of



Exterior.



Interior.

SHOWING ALTAR RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL IN TOKIO.

he gave up the church because he said he could not keep from praying for his own country even though it were fighting against the brothers of his adoption and dear love and so he thought it well right for him not to have any more services. He could hardly have done a thing more Japanese in its refinement of sentiment and it added worlds to the esteem in which he is held by the people. He did not leave Tokio, however, and he lives in quiet seclusion trying doubtless to pray with equal earnestness for the sufferers of both nations and his story must always be one of the most odd pathetic little incidents of this great war.

There are Japanese priests in the cathedral as I learned to my displeasure at the moment and I am told on high authority that there is grave doubt in the minds of some officials as to the perfect loyalty of some of these men who, as Christians, owe to the God of the old days, in fact, up to a very short time ago, nobody ever was allowed to look down upon the Emperor. When he passed through the streets in his low cart drawn by white oxen all second and third windows had to be closed and barred and all the people had to prostrate themselves upon the earth. The palace was built upon the highest ground available if there was a higher spot in the capital not suitable for the exalted residence. It was left vacant except for beautifying trees and flowers. But in the full blush of the revolution Father Nicolai, through the Russian Ministry,

try, which would have none of our institutions of amusement; none of our laws and customs which touch the private personal intimate life of the individual; none of our extravagances and this revolution, which developed along with the sentiment against Russian arrogance and encroachment, soon discovered that this temple of a hated people and a more or less despised faith stood in the Emperor's abode in insolent defiance of time-honored Japanese sentiment and the nation was moved to deep resentment. However, nothing has been done and probably nothing ever will be, to correct this unfortunate mistake. For think Japan would rather suffer the loss of many time-honored sentiments than to do anything which would not win the applause of the world.

In most inconsequent matters the coincidence of two Japanese priests who, as I was a cartoonist I would draw a picture of a little brown man, in the likeness of James K. Hackett taking a curtain call before assembled nations, with very much the same bored and self-applauding air that actor used to display in his "Rudolf Rassendyll" days. But Japan knows her role thoroughly and she will allow no small personal bitterness to cause her to forget it. There is a story of two Japanese priests who were caught in "Nicolai" preparing criminal documents to be sent into Russian lines. They were arrested, but at that point their story seems to end. It is whispered that they were shot and their bodies refused burial in Japanese soil but this seems uncertain, for I was told very privately that they are not dead at all but would far better have died a hundred deaths, which made me think of the unnumbered horrors and wonder if there were ever two such men.

But be that as it may the Russian Cathedral gleams white above Japan's capital; many Japanese priests and people pray to the God of the mighty enemy while Father Nicolai, in cloistered seclusion prays for the souls of slain Christians and pagans and a speedy conclusion of peace.

CHASE CITY, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
CHASE CITY, VA., June 3.—Mrs. George Gibson, Jr., entertained the "Euche Trust" in a most delightful manner on Thursday. The rooms were beautifully decorated with cream and red roses, the two color schemes being carried out in the refreshments. The latter were most unique, each containing a verse written by the charming hostess. Mrs. W. H. L. Nelson, of Chase City, Va., was the winner of the club prize.

In honor of Mrs. Robert C. Nelson, of Chase City, Va., Mrs. H. L. Nelson entertained the club on Tuesday evening. There were five tables. Roman punch was served and the bride and groom will leave for a summer in Europe, sailing June 10th, on the Nordland. Miss Jean C. Huston, of Toledo, Ohio, will be married to Mr. Robert M. Brinkner, also of Chase City, Va., on June 10th, at the residence of her grandfather, George A. Endly, of Chase City, Va., where Miss Huston is now visiting. The marriage will be solemnized by Rev. Dr. The Drew, who officiated at the marriage of the parents and also at the baptism of the bride. Immediately after the wedding the bride and groom will leave for a summer in Europe, sailing June 10th, on the Nordland. Miss Anna F. Jeffries, of Chase City, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John A. Coke, of Richmond, during the past month, returned home to-day.

WHERE JEFF DAVIS LIVED AND WROTE

Description of Beauvoir, Home of Confederate President in His Declining Years.

NOW HARBORS OLD SOLDIERS

Fronts On Gulf of Mexico and Has Fine View of Rolling Water.

BEAUVOIR, MISS., May 28.—The homes of eminent men have been places of interest from time immemorial; they are also sources of inspiration. What Virginian is not proud of Mount Vernon and Monticello, and who in the Carolinas does not feel his patriotic ardor grow warmer as he approaches the places where such men as Davie and Calhoun have lived? For this reason the residences of really great men ought to be kept intact and open to the public at the expense of the State.

Mississippi has produced many men of power and influence—and she has such men now living within her borders—but she has one name that will live on as long as the American union exists and probably be loved and respected the more as the years go by and that name is Jefferson Davis. For courage, strength of manly character and devotion to his people and their cause through good as well as ill-repute, Davis will ever be justly admired. And more than this, for after the cause for which he gave his very life failed entirely from the earth, he was long made the object of persecution by the hosts of his enemies and at times his own people seemed about to lay upon his shoulders the responsibility for its failure.

Beauvoir, Beautiful Seat.

These circumstances and many others cause the visitor to tread with reverence the portals of Beauvoir, the home of his declining years. Beauvoir is an estate of one thousand acres fronting the Gulf of Mexico; it is situated about half way between Mobile and New Orleans. A more beautiful place could not have been found along the entire Southern coast. From its front piazza one sees far out over the waters of the gently rolling gulf; the breaking of the waves against the sloping shore goes on forever, reminding one of the endless work of nature and the brevity of all that man does or can do. A cool breeze from the southwest renders the otherwise scorching climate as delightful as the heart could desire in summer, and in winter its warm moist breath drives away the chills of the North.

Mr. Davis was addicted all his life to colds and neuralgia which made a residence in northern climates almost unendurable; many times when the weight of the responsibility of the Confederate cause rested heavily upon him he was racked with pain. He was hardly free from acute suffering a single day when he was organizing the Confederate Government at Montgomery and in Richmond when the Daily Examiner and the Charleston Mercury were constantly thundering their disapproval of all his acts against him he was suffering torture from his seemingly incurable disease. It was only when the war closed and after his two years of almost unrelenting imprisonment that he was able to retire to this friendly shore of Southern Mississippi and find some bodily comfort. The world will not blame the ex-President for selecting this far-off spot after such a stormy and begrudging him the ease and comfort which he here for a short span of life enjoyed.

Where Davis Lived and Wrote.

Beauvoir was given to Mr. Davis by a kind and admiring lady friend and at a time when his fortunes were so broken as to make the life of a gentleman, though he never accepted the gift until after the lady's death, when his notes for a purchase price, which he had insisted on, were returned. He improved the place somewhat, built a good breeze from the southwest renders the otherwise scorching climate as delightful as the heart could desire in summer, and in winter its warm moist breath drives away the chills of the North.

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The home is built high up on brick pillars and is surrounded by broad verandas after the fashion of ante-bellum days; it contains only four large rooms, two smaller ones and a basement. It is a single storied house and much smaller than homes of Washington or Jefferson in Virginia, but it was large enough to be hospitable and its only guest chamber and wide halls were seldom empty. Mrs. Davis entertained her company, and the ex-President received the admiring officers and friends of the Confederate cause who came to talk over the stirring events of the great Civil War.

In this office Mr. Davis collected a library of some thousand volumes most of them treating of American history; others were the memoirs of the great soldiers of the men who have made America and of those who had been in the great fight he had led. With these silent monitors about him he wrote his famous "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." One of the desks at which he wrote, the plain pine book cases near at hand, the very ink spots which he threw off his pen when the sentences did not run to suit him.

Like the study and bed-chamber of the great Goethe, the workroom of Mr. Davis was scrupulously plain, unadorned, except the mantle on which his beloved Winnie painted scenes from the rolling hills and plains of Virginia, which could never fade from the mind of the man who wrote. The simplicity of the place marks the greatness of the mental life of its owner. It is a rebuke, perhaps, to our own latter-day love of the gay and gaudy characterizing so many of our homes.

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large live oaks screening the premises from too close a view of the curious passer-by. Above the water some fifty paces out from the front gate, the land is the cool summer house to which the family repaired in oppressively hot seasons and where the sea-bath was always to be had at the least possible pains.

It is here then that the retired ex-President spent those last days which every man would like to enjoy in the semi-seclusion of country life. After his death, December 6, 1889, the Davis family moved to New York, where Mrs. Davis still lives. Some two years ago the Mississippi Daughters of the Confederacy purchased the place and gave it to the State as a home for Confederate veterans. The State accepted the gift, voted the necessary appropriation for its maintenance and new some fifty acres of land which it gave to their former chieftain. They are faithful to his memory, and love to tell of the many favorite spots where Mr. Davis used to loiter, of his proud unconquered spirit and of his devotion to a cause to which every one also gives the name of "The Lost Cause." A more fitting act than that of these Mississippi ladies could hardly have been done; nor is there a more appropriate place for the retirement of worn-out veterans of the Confederate army than this beautiful Gulf-shore home—now famous in American history as the last home of one of America's most gifted, high-spirited sons. A visit to it is a tonic to patriotism, a tonic which once taken cannot be long remembered.

The Passing of the Early Spanish Civilization in the South.

From this place the writer of these lines rode leisurely along the shell-road which parallels the coast for about seven miles back to Gulfport, the new railroad town which is growing great, we are told, as a result of the Standard Oil King's interest in it. As one lingers here or in the other one-time Spanish towns such as Biloxi, Pass Christian and others which line the coast from Mobile to New Orleans, one is prone to recall the Spanish civilization which was planted here a hundred years before Jamestown was settled; but which, like that of Spain to exist in this own country. And much of modern times. Here came as bold and daring pioneers as doubly John Smith and the famous Puritans of the North, but all that is left of their work is a strange accent in the language of the people, a few neighborhoods of Spanish-French-Indian populations, the right to build old fashion houses along narrow streets paved with cobble stones, and the privilege of keeping their houses and premises in the dirtiest possible condition. Happily this latter is being somewhat abridged of late by Yankee notions of one's duty to one's neighbor.

The tide of Virginia and Carolina civilization in the early years of the nineteenth century overran this earlier one the old lower South, with its great plantations, thousands of negro slaves, its feudal system of society, its master statesman superseded it and flourished a short half hundred years. This, too, gave way in the early struggle of the sixties to a newer and more democratic life and now one sees everywhere the leveling process of democracy.

There is no longer anything unique in this country except in rare instances. The same style of houses, the same noisy streets, with bells and gongs going all the time and everywhere, the same modes of travel and the same style of dress. From Boston to Chicago, from Richmond even to New Orleans there is but one life, one people, all rushing and crowding the highways of the trade and commerce. There is no longer any character to the different sections of our country. Our Yankee civilization hates anything that is not useful and conventional. His towns must all be alike, his streets must be rectangular and uniform, laid off like a checkerboard, historic names, poetic associations, the cozy nooks and corners, which he goes all the way to Europe to see, he will not permit to exist in his own country. And the South, the lower South, has become "American;" even the automobiles rush through the streets as they do in the greater towns of the North, making the way of the old-fashioned, who still go a-foot the more uncertain.

The South hastens to imitate this "civilization."

WILLIAM E. DODD.

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